

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,
By RUSSELL EATON.
Office over Granite Bank, Water St., Augusta.

EZRAEL HOLMES, Editor.

TERMS. One dollar and seventy-five cents per annum, if paid in advance. Two dollars, if paid within the year; two dollars and fifty cents, if payment is delayed beyond the year.

Single copies, four cents.

Any person who will obtain six good subscribers shall be entitled to a seventh copy for one year.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

POST-POSTMASTERS are permitted by law to frank all subscriptions and remittances for newspapers, without expense to subscribers.

JOB PRINTING,

Such as Catalogues, Wedding and Visiting and Business Cards, Shop and Hand Bills, Blanks, &c. &c., Neatly executed at short notice.

MAINE FARMER.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Gathering and Preserving Seeds.

It will soon be time to think about gathering seeds of many kinds for next year. There are but few people who consider that plants as well as animals may be much improved by selecting the best, most perfectly grown and earliest seed. The next year's crop will not only by this means be increased in quantity, but its quality will also be improved. All kinds of seeds that grow in husks or pods should be strung up and suspended from the ridge-pole or a rafter in the garret, where they will be out of the way of mice, and where they will dry gradually. Great care should be taken to keep them from an excess of moisture, which will cause them to mould and destroy the germinative principle; and on the other hand, they will not be so good if they are sheltered out (especially if it is done before they are perfectly ripe) and placed in the sun or any situation where they will dry very rapidly: they thus become shrivelled and will not so readily vegetate, although the vital principle may not be destroyed. The seeds of squashes, pumpkins, cucumbers, melons, &c., should be carefully cleaned from the pulp which surrounds them, and then placed in a situation where they will dry gradually, being every day stirred up or turned to prevent their moulding. Seeds, after being thus prepared, may be preserved almost any length of time, in a perfectly good state, by packing them in pulverized charcoal and keeping them in a dry place, or stopping entirely from the air in a glass bottle.

Destroy your Weeds.

Every farmer should be up and doing, be active and vigilant in waging a war of extermination against weeds of every name and nature, from the Canada thistle to the insignificant chickweed, that is such a grievous annoyance in our garden. If you have not had time to rid every part and portion of your premises, around your buildings, and the sides of the road opposite your land, from these pests of the farmer, now is your time to take your scythe or hoe and cut them down, to prevent their going to seed and returning you a hundred fold more of trouble next year. A double advantage may be gained by doing this, if you will take the trouble to gather them up and throw them into your hog yard. You will get the thanks of your swine in the form of a number of additional lbs. of meat in your barrel next fall, and a lot of good manure into the bargain.

But if you have a piece of land that is very weedy, which you wish to till next year, mow them by all means, and let them lay upon the ground until they get dry, and then burn it over. In this way you will not only destroy the weeds, but all the eggs and larva of insects that may be deposited therein, and clean the piece and prepare it finely for a crop of grain.

Sumach for Tanning.

It is well known that the sumach which grows wild in this State is useful for tanning, but that it imparts like hemlock and oak bark, a dark color to the leather, while the species of sumach brought from Europe or Asia is used for tanning sheep skins, and as we are informed, tans the pelt without imparting any coloring, and therefore leaves it perfectly white. Is there not some other vegetable substance growing abundantly among us that will supply the place of this foreign article? We have no doubt there is, and that if experiments should be tried with some of our plants it would end in the discovery of one that would answer every purpose. Who will look it up?

Rhubarb.

This excellent plant, which should have a place in every garden, is very easily raised, requiring nothing more than a rich loamy situation. It is an orchard in miniature, the stems of its leaves affording a substance which is an excellent substitute for apples, to make sauce or pies.

The sauce made from it, is very wholesome and palatable, and will be a good preventive of bowel complaints.

It is said that by stewing it with sugar and preparing it in the same manner as for the table, it may be boiled and corked up tight and preserved till winter.

Indeed, we do not see why it may not be kept as long as apple sauce, or any of the berries that are preserved in this way, without being bottled up. Some of our good housewives had better try the experiment.

EARLY CORN. Br. Drew, of the Banner, gathered from his garden, on the 23d instant, corn large enough to be eaten. Early corn that, for this reason.

PEAS. Peas should be put into boiling water with salt and saleratus, in proportion of quarter of a teaspoonful of saleratus to half a peck of peas. Boil them from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to their age and kind. When boiled tender, take them out of the water with a skimmer, salt and butter them to the taste. Peas, to be good, should be fresh gathered, and not shelled till just before they are cooked.

CORN. Corn is much sweeter to be boiled on the cob. If made into succotash, cut it from the cob, and boil it with Lima beans, and a few slices of salt pork. It requires boiling from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to its age.

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIII.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1845.

NO. 31.

Blasted Plums.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

I noticed in the last number of the Farmer, a request for information as to the cause of plums dropping prematurely from the trees, and also for a remedy against the evil; and although I do not feel myself competent to do the subject justice, yet, in the absence of other and better information, I will give what I can, hoping it may have a tendency to elicit information from some abler source, upon a subject of much importance to the cultivator of fruit.

For several years past, our plums have, to some extent, blighted and fallen off, which has led me into a close enquiry and examination into the cause, which I have become satisfied is the effects of the curculio, which, from about the first to the middle of the sixth month, sting or puncture the plum, and deposit their eggs in them, the grub usually penetrating to the stone, causing the plum to wither and fall off. We have, for the sake of experiment, removed the eggs with a sharp pointed knife, soon after they were deposited, and the plums sustained no further injury than, in some cases, a small scar.

The best and most effectual remedy that we have found, is salt, spread around the tree as far as the branches extend. It should be applied early in the spring, before vegetation commences, from one to three quarts, according to the size of the tree. We have not found this an entire remedy, but have been much benefited by it. As further proof of the utility of salt, in the fall of 1843, I visited the nursery and fruit garden of Samuel Pond, in Cambridge, which was formerly a salt marsh. His plums escaped the ravages of the curculio, when all around as far as I could learn, suffered materially from them. This, in connection with what was related to me by a close observer of cause and effect, in Salem, of some plum trees that stood upon the beach, so near as to be covered at times with salt spray, goes to satisfy me of the utility of salt, independent of the good effects we have experienced in its use. I would, however, allude to an experiment made by Professor Cleveland, if I mistake not, which, I think, was to remove, early in the spring, the earth around the tree as far as the branches extend, and to the depth of two to three inches, and spread over a coat of newly slackened lime, from one-half to an inch in thickness, then cover it with earth; and I am of the opinion that earth, taken a distance from the tree, which would not be likely to be infested with the grub, would be better than what was removed. His plums escaped the ravages of the curculio, when all around as far as I could learn, suffered materially from them.

But in conducting investigations of this kind, we proceed altogether to the wrong direction, and begin at the wrong end when we commence with the investigation of the physical cause of the supposed phenomena. That method of conducting physical inquiries, which was bequeathed to us by the illustrious Bacon, and which has led to such an immense extension of our knowledge of the universe, imperatively requires that before we begin to seek for the causes of any phenomena, we must pass beyond the possibility of doubt, the reality of the phenomena, and ascertain with the utmost precision, all the circumstances attending them. In other words, we are required to consider all inquiries of the kind now adverted to, as mere questions of fact, before we take them as questions of science.

It is asserted that the moon produces such an influence on the weather as to cause it to change at the new and full moon, and at the quarters. But in this mode of stating the proposition, there are implicitly included two very distinct points, one which is a simple matter of fact, and the other a point of physi-cal science.

First.—It is asserted that at the epochs of a new and full moon, and at the quarters, there is generally a change of weather. This is a mere statement of alleged fact.

Second.—It is asserted that the places of the moon, or in other words, the relative position of the moon and sun in regard to the earth is the cause of these changes.

Now it is evidently necessary to settle the first question before we trouble ourselves with the second, for if it should so happen that the first statement should prove to be destitute of foundation the second falls to the ground.

The question of fact here before us, is one most easily settled. In many meteorological observations throughout Europe, a register of the weather in all respects, has been kept for a long period of time.

Thus the height of the barometer, the condition of the thermometer, the hydrometer, and the rain gauge; the form and character of the clouds, the species of the falling of rain, hail and snow, and in short every particular respecting the weather, has been duly registered, from day to day, and often from hour to hour.

The period of the lunar phases, it is needless to say, has also been registered, and it is, therefore possible to compare one set of changes with another.

This, in fine, has been done. We can imagine, placed in two parallel columns, in juxtaposition, the series of epochs of the new and full moons, and the quarters, and the corresponding conditions of the weather at these times, for fifty or one hundred years back, so that we may be enabled to examine, as a mere matter of fact, the conditions of the weather for one thousand or twelve hundred full and new moons and quarters. The result of such an examination has been, that no correspondence whatever has been found to exist between the two phenomena. Thus let us suppose that one hundred and twenty-five full moons be taken at random from the table; if the condition of the weather at these several epochs be examined it will be found, probably, that in sixty-three cases there was not, so that under such circumstances the odd moon in this division of one hundred and twenty-five would favor the weather for one thousand or twelve hundred full and new moons and quarters; but if another random collection of one hundred and twenty-five full moons be taken, and similarly examined, it will probably be found that sixty-three are not attended by changes of weather, while sixty-two are. With its characteristic caprice the moon on this occasion opposes the popular opinion; in short, a full examination of the table shows that the condition of the weather is to change, or in any other respect, has, as a matter of fact, no correspondence whatever with the lunar phases.

These men will laugh at the absurdity of the dairy woman, who, when the house was on fire, made it her first business to remove the pane of milk from the cellar and to set them in a place of security, while the most valuable furniture was going to destruction.

A farmer who uses a horse rake has greatly the advantage of one who gathers all his hay by hand labor. A whole afternoon is spent in raking a single acre, though with a single horse and a small boy thirty minutes are enough.

[Mass. Ploughman.]

RED STRAW WHEAT. The Louisville Journal says: Mr. Magill Robinson, of this neighborhood, has exhibited to us a bundle of this wheat. The ears were large and full and the grains very plump and heavy, and it would be very difficult to produce a finer specimen. This wheat ripens two weeks earlier than the common sorts, and thus, we learn, always escapes the rust. It ripened last year by the first of June. It weighs very heavy. Mr. R. thinks that his crop will be twenty-five bushels to the acre—a large yield in this bad season. They are, of course, to be good, should be fresh gathered, and not shelled till just before they are cooked.

CORN. Corn is much sweeter to be boiled on the cob. If made into succotash, cut it from the cob, and boil it with Lima beans, and a few slices of salt pork. It requires boiling from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to its age.

[Mass. Ploughman.]

PEAS. Peas should be put into boiling water with salt and saleratus, in proportion of quarter of a teaspoonful of saleratus to half a peck of peas. Boil them from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to their age and kind. When boiled tender, take them out of the water with a skimmer, salt and butter them to the taste. Peas, to be good, should be fresh gathered, and not shelled till just before they are cooked.

CORN. Corn is much sweeter to be boiled on the cob. If made into succotash, cut it from the cob, and boil it with Lima beans, and a few slices of salt pork. It requires boiling from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to its age.

[Mass. Ploughman.]

Does the Moon Influence the Weather?

From the fourth number of Dr. Lardner's Popular Lectures on Science, which has just been published, we make the following extract. The influence which the changes of the moon are generally supposed to exert upon the weather, seem very clearly shown by the Doctor to be fallacious:

"Among the many influences which the moon is supposed, by the world in general, to exercise upon our globe, one of those which have been most universally believed, in all ages and in all countries, is that which it is presumed to exert upon the changes of the weather. Although the particular details of this influence are sometimes pretended to be described, the only general principle, or rule, which prevails with the world in general is, that a change of weather may be looked for at the epochs of new and full moon; that is to say, if the weather be previously fair, it will become foul, if foul it will become fair. Similar changes are also, sometimes, though not so confidently looked for, at the epochs of the quarters.

A question of this kind may be regarded either as a question of science or a question of fact.

If it be regarded as a question of science, we are called upon to explain how and by what property of matter, or what law of Nature or attraction the moon at a distance of a quarter of a million of miles, combining its effects with the sun, at four hundred times that distance, can produce those alleged changes? To this it may be readily answered that no known law or principle has hitherto explained any such phenomena. The moon and sun, most doubtless, affect the ocean of air which surrounds the globe, as they affect the ocean of water—producing effects analogous to tides, but when the quantity of such an effect is estimated, it is proved to be utterly inappreciable, and such as could by no means account for the meteorological changes here adverted to.

But in conducting investigations of this kind, we proceed altogether to the wrong direction, and begin at the wrong end when we commence with the investigation of the physical cause of the supposed phenomena. That method of conducting physical inquiries, which was bequeathed to us by the illustrious Bacon, and which has led to such an immense extension of our knowledge of the universe, imperatively requires that before we begin to seek for the causes of any phenomena, we must pass beyond the possibility of doubt, the reality of the phenomena, and ascertain with the utmost precision, all the circumstances attending them. In other words, we are required to consider all inquiries of the kind now adverted to, as mere questions of fact, before we take them as questions of science.

It is asserted that the moon produces such an influence on the weather as to cause it to change at the new and full moon, and at the quarters. But in this mode of stating the proposition, there are implicitly included two very distinct points, one which is a simple matter of fact, and the other a point of physi-cal science.

First.—It is asserted that at the epochs of the moon, or in other words, the relative position of the moon and sun in regard to the earth is the cause of these changes.

Now it is evidently necessary to settle the first question before we trouble ourselves with the second, for if it should so happen that the first statement should prove to be destitute of foundation the second falls to the ground.

The question of fact here before us, is one most easily settled. In many meteorological observations throughout Europe, a register of the weather in all respects, has been kept for a long period of time.

Thus the height of the barometer, the condition of the thermometer, the hydrometer, and the rain gauge; the form and character of the clouds, the species of the falling of rain, hail and snow, and in short every particular respecting the weather, has been duly registered, from day to day, and often from hour to hour.

The period of the lunar phases, it is needless to say, has also been registered, and it is, therefore possible to compare one set of changes with another.

This, in fine, has been done. We can imagine, placed in two parallel columns, in juxtaposition, the series of epochs of the new and full moons, and the quarters, and the corresponding conditions of the weather at these times, for fifty or one hundred years back, so that we may be enabled to examine, as a mere matter of fact, the conditions of the weather for one thousand or twelve hundred full and new moons and quarters. The result of such an examination has been, that no correspondence whatever has been found to exist between the two phenomena. Thus let us suppose that one hundred and twenty-five full moons be taken at random from the table; if the condition of the weather at these several epochs be examined it will be found, probably, that in sixty-three cases there was not, so that under such circumstances the odd moon in this division of one hundred and twenty-five would favor the weather for one thousand or twelve hundred full and new moons and quarters; but if another random collection of one hundred and twenty-five full moons be taken, and similarly examined, it will probably be found that sixty-three are not attended by changes of weather, while sixty-two are. With its characteristic caprice the moon on this occasion opposes the popular opinion; in short, a full examination of the table shows that the condition of the weather is to change, or in any other respect, has, as a matter of fact, no correspondence whatever with the lunar phases.

These men will laugh at the absurdity of the dairy woman, who, when the house was on fire, made it her first business to remove the pane of milk from the cellar and to set them in a place of security, while the most valuable furniture was going to destruction.

Such, then, being the case, it would be idle to attempt to seek for a physical cause of an effect which is destitute of truth."

CHICKEN PIE. Joint the chickens, which should be young and tender—boil them in just sufficient water to cover them. When nearly tender, take them off the fire, and then strain the gravy; to each quart of gravy add a small quantity of pearl or saleratus, and the gravy will be perfectly clear; and they observe this rule in every case.

STRING BEANS. There is a way to cook this vegetable, by which it is very much improved both in appearance and flavor. The pods are split (not opened at the edges, but in an opposite direction), from end to end, and then cut into short pieces, as in the usual way; they are then boiled in any suitable vessel, separate from meat or other vegetables; a small quantity of pearl or saleratus having been thrown into the water. When taken from the water, after having been sufficiently cooked, they are of a beautiful bright green color, and will be found much more tender and delicate than when cooked without the saleratus. They are, of course, to be good, should be fresh gathered, and not shelled till just before they are cooked.

STRING BEANS. There is a way to cook this vegetable, by which it is very much improved both in appearance and flavor. The pods are split (not opened at the edges, but in an opposite direction), from end to end, and then cut into short pieces, as in the usual way; they are then boiled in any suitable vessel, separate from meat or other vegetables; a small quantity of pearl or saleratus having been thrown into the water. When taken from the water, after having been sufficiently cooked, they are of a beautiful bright green color, and will be found much more tender and delicate than when cooked without the saleratus. They are, of course,

to be good, should be fresh gathered, and not shelled till just before they are cooked.

MAINE FARMER.

House Flies.

These too friendly visitors will soon be swarming in every house in the land where admittance is yielded them; nor will they care for any delicate breeding in a dunghill, and their subsequent manners are such as may be expected from so ignoble a breed—in short they will enter every dwelling where a human being resides, and only yield its occupancy in compliance with summary ejectment.

The American House Fly is the *musca hirta* of Dr. Harris' Catalogue. It makes its appearance early in July or sooner if the season favors, and remains until destroyed by cold weather; and while undisturbed is one of the most intolerable nuisances that can be conceived of. They fill every nook and corner of the house—are upon every thing—dive into every dish, eating what they can and defiling the meat. They have no regard to personal rights—eyes, nose and mouth are open doors to them; inviting them to bite, tease, and tickle; and right ready are they in their acceptance of every thing offered or unoffered. Nothing is more disgusting than a table blackened with their voracious carcasses.

Can they be got rid of? Perhaps not entirely; but their numbers can be so greatly lessened as to produce but an insignificant annoyance. They are, like all animals, fond of eating; and their residence is taken up in the house because they find the means of gratifying their wants. This fact dictates one mode of remedy. Cut off the supplies—starve them out. They will not stay with you if they find the larder impervious, but will write you a dozen moths, and then leave. They are easily caught by a set of fine gauze curtains; and if this is done, they will be no longer a pest.

Can they be got rid of? Perhaps not entirely; but their numbers

A Horrible Chase.

The Ladies' National Magazine for July, edited by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, contains the following thrilling account of a family, a mother and her children, being chased by wolves:

A few years ago, toward the close of a winter's day, a mother and her children were travelling in Canada behind a one-horse sledge. Suddenly, from a forest, by which they were passing, issued a gang of wolves. It was a terrible moment when the mother first beheld these ravenous animals in full pursuit, behind her; but she knew the only hope was in the superior swiftness of her horse, and so she retained sufficient presence of mind to urge him forward at the top of his speed. The noble animal seemed aware of his danger; he snorted fiercely on hearing the howl of the wolves, and dashed ahead at a fearful pace. On came the hungry animals, and fast fled the affrighted horse. Miles were soon passed over, but miles of traceless waste yet remained before the travellers would reach the first village.

Meantime the wolves gained on the fugitives. The mother clasped her babes closer to her bosom, as the howling animals came up, and running almost at the side of the sledge, threatening every moment to drag her and her little ones down, but the terrified horse now seemed to gain supernatural speed, and on he dashed with increased velocity, snorting with affright. For a while the wolves were left in the rear; but his speed soon slackened, and again they gained on the sledge. The horrible idea now occurred to the mother of throwing over one of her children, and thus staying for awhile the pursuit, for she had heard of such an alternative having once been resorted to. But she shrank from the temptation with a shudder. She urged on the horse again, and once more he sprang ahead and increased the distance between her and the wolves. Thus, for another hour she continued, the prey of alternate despair and hope. Now she seemed in the jaws of death—now an almost preternatural exertion of speed on the part of the horse gave her a momentary respite.

At length the village was in sight. But, horrible to relate, at this moment she heard a crack as if the sledge had given way. The runner had broke; she surrendered herself to despair. Through the fast gathering night she caught a view of the farm-house on the outskirts of the village. To die thus in sight of safety was terrible. She looked agonizingly on the faces of her children, who were now sobbing piteously; she shut her eyes on the scene that was to follow. But, strange to say, the sledge still held together, and the horse, recognizing his home, dashed forward at a pace that left the wolves far behind. She looked up once more; they were now close to the village. The inhabitants, by this time, had become alarmed; but the wolves kept up their pursuit to the very gate of the farm-house, and yielded their expected prey slowly and sullenly. The sledge, on examination, was found to be so much injured that it would inevitably have broken down before another mile. An escape like this surpasses any thing in fiction.

Divine Protection.

"I cannot go where universal love smiles not around,"

[Thompson.]

What studded the blue arch of heaven with glittering lights? What formed the unknown depths of the ocean, and stored them with innumerable creeping things? What created the fair world of brightness and beauty?—What clothes our fields with green, and our vales with corn? What glows

"Through all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent?"

The love of God—deep, unfathomable, limitless love!

It is this which speaks in the wild warbling of the feathered choir—we hear it in the pearly rivulet and the gushing stream—we see it in the bright flowers of spring; in the sparkling tints of the rose and the beautiful fragrance of the flower of the valley.

We hear it in the howling of the midnight storm and in the summer breathings of the gentle zephyr. We see it in the bright beams of the king of day, and in the milder glory of the queen of night.

"Thou art, O God, the life and light,
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee,
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT. How few men seem to have formed a conception of the original dignity of their nature, or the exalted design of their creation. Regarding themselves only as creatures of time, endowed merely with animal passions and intellectual faculties, their projects, aims and expectations are circumscribed by the narrow outline of human life.—They forget that instability and decay are written, as with a sunbeam, upon all earthly objects—that this world with all its grandeur, and pomp, and power, is crumbling into dust—that this life is scarcely deserving of a single thought, excepting as it forms the introduction to another, and that he alone acts a prudent or rational part, who frames his plans with direct reference to that future and endless state of being. Sin has so blinded the understanding, and debased the affections, that men never fail to invest some temporal good with fancied perfection, and idly imagine that the attainment of it would satisfy the desires and fill the capacities of the immortal spirit.—How little do they know themselves! The soul is not of the earth, and they will strive in vain to chain it to the dust. Though its native strength has been impaired, and its purity tarnished, and its glory "changed," it will not always be a prisoner here. Send it forth, if you will, to range through the whole material universe, and like the dove dismissed from the ark, it will return without finding a single place to rest for—it has no resting place but the bosom of God.—[Phil. Ledger.]

Don't DESPAIR OF THE MOST HARDENED.—Make no calculation that any are so strong, proud, wicked, prejudiced, or unbelieving, that the Gospel cannot subdue them. They have souls, and they have feelings. They often feel misgivings, and fears, and remorse, to which God alone is witness. How can you tell that God has not sent you to speak to such a person at just such a time? Besides, God's Spirit is to do the work, and that Spirit can do any thing. Beware of limiting Omnipotence.

[Christian Citizen.]

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, kindness should begin on ours.

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1845.

POLITICAL.



The Whigs of Maine are to hold a State Convention in the city of Portland, on Thursday next, August 7th, to nominate a candidate for Governor.

The Democrats have already nominated as their candidate for re-election, the present incumbent of the gubernatorial chair, Hon. H. J. Anderson.

The Whigs of the 4th (Kennebec) Senatorial District, are to hold a meeting at the Court House, in this village, on Monday, the 11th day of August, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of nominating Senators.

The Whigs of Kennebec will also hold a county convention on the afternoon of the same day, at the same place, to nominate candidates for one County Commissioner, County Attorney and County Treasurer.

The Democrats of the Kennebec Senatorial District will meet in Convention, in Augusta, on Thursday, August 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M., to nominate candidates for the Senate.

The Democrats will also hold a County Convention on the same day, at the same place, for the purpose of nominating county officers.

The Democrats of Washington County met in convention at East Machias on the 10th instant, and nominated the following candidates: Col. George Comstock of Lubec, for County Commissioner; Albert Pilbury, Esq. of Machias, for Clerk of the Judicial Courts; Samuel A. Morse, Esq. of Machias, for County Treasurer; and Thomas J. D. Fuller, Esq. of Calais, for County Attorney.

ELECTIONS IN AUGUST.—A number of important State elections are to come off in the month of August, involving the choice of 47 representatives, and (in Tennessee) 1 senator in Congress. They are as follows:

North Carolina, August 7, Legislature and 9 M. C. Tennessee, " 7, Gov., Leg., and 11 Kentucky, " 4, Legislature and 10 " Indiana, " 4, " 10 " Alabama, " 4, " 7 " Illinois, " 4, " Missouri, " 4, "

These will complete the elections for the 29th Congress, in all the States except Maryland, (6) which votes in Oct., and Mississippi, (4) in Nov. The States of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, have 1 member each to elect to supply vacancies in the delegations.

Portable Shower Bath.

The increased use of the bath has led to improvements in the mode of applying water to the person, in such a way and manner as is most desired at the time.

You will find the portable shower bath a very convenient and economical apparatus for applying water to yourself or others, in a gentle shower, which is sometimes so efficacious.

It is made of tin, is small and light, and when not in use will not take up much room. It may be used in the bed-chamber with perfect ease. We would recommend it to those who wish to try the shower bath. It should be kept in every family. If you shouldn't want to shower yourself or children, it would do very well to shower your flower garden in a dry time.

Winthrop Woolen Factory.

This establishment, which commenced operations in Winthrop village this spring, is now in full blast. The machinery is principally new, and you will find as good articles of satinetts, tweeds, cassimeres, and flannels, manufactured there, as at any factory in New England. The farmer who does not feel willing to sell his wool at the present unaccountably low prices, had better convert it into cloth, which will be done for him as reasonable and in as good shape at this mill as any other.

Specimens of their work will be found, for wholesale and retail, at Messrs. Stanley & Clark's store, in Winthrop.

THE HAY CROP.—Our farmers are in the midst of this important harvest; and we are happy to state, that, although the season was at first very unfavorable for grass, and promised a scanty return, the results are very good. In this vicinity the crop is nearly as abundant as it was the last season, and the quality is undoubtedly far better. For the last week the weather, owing to the frequent showers, has been rather unfavorable for getting the hay into the barn, but the benefit which has resulted to the other crops, from the seasonable rains, more than counterbalances this trouble.

HAIL STORM.—A severe hail storm passed over a section of East Livermore, on Tuesday of last week.

The tornado was about a mile in width, and extended five or six miles. The hail did great damage to the crops, in some instances completely destroying them. A house undergoing repairs was blown down, and much other damage done.

BIG EGGS.—Our friend, Jesse Wadsworth, of East Livermore, seeing some bragging in the Farmer about big eggs, thought he would look over some that his hens had been laying. He brought us a half dozen that weighed seventeen ounces in all. Can your hens beat that? His hens were of the breed which were formerly introduced into the country, by Sanford Howard, Esq., while he had charge of the Vaughan farm.

MURDER.—The Bangor Mercury of last Thursday states, that in Bradley, a man by the name of P. B. Otis was cruelly beaten and trampled upon by one Richard Varney, which caused his subsequent death. Varney is now in prison, awaiting his trial on a charge of murder.

NEW MIRROR.—This popular weekly journal of literature has found its way to our table once more. N. P. Willis, one of its editors, is now in Europe, where he will remain for some time, writing letters to the Mirror, which will no doubt be interesting to all. His first epistle has made its appearance.

We have also received from the publishers one number of the Mirror Library, containing Beckford's romance of *Vathek*.

We had showers in this town every day last week, and on Sunday of this week it commenced raining in the afternoon, and poured down nicely till—after Morphew closed our "peepers." 'Twas fair next morn. Our farmers go for a fair spell now.

Still another smart rain on Monday night.

A new steamer, the *Phoenix*, has been put upon the route between Hallowell and Waterville. She also makes pleasure excursions twice a week to Boothbay. She is said to be a first rate little craft.

The New Bedford Register copies a couple of our articles, crediting the same to a neighboring paper. Who cares?

Boston is now supplying Philadelphia with ice.

Steamboat Travelling.

Competition in this as in other matters, is bringing down fares, and nowhere more than between Kennebec and Boston, where it is now kept up with an even and steady hand between the old and new lines. On a recent trip we went in one boat, and came in the other, and saw no occasion to find fault with either. Both are good boats, manned by polite, attentive and careful officers, and both can go quite as fast as is safe and desirable. The only fear is that they may, in trying to outrun each other, meet with some accident. This apprehension will, however, not be keenly felt by those who reflect that there never has been a steamboat boiler burst on our Eastern waters. The boats now run regularly from Boston to Hallowell, near 200 miles by sea, for \$1. It is the cheapest fare that we know of. From Boston to New York, but little greater distance and with a great deal more travel, the fare is now \$2, under a very severe competition. On that route the fare has rarely been under \$5. With two or three small lines it remained at \$5, while between Kennebec and Boston, without competition it was only \$2.50. From Albany to New York, in the day boat, it is now \$1.50 for 140 miles (which is made \$2.50 by a breakfast and dinner) and an immense travel. From New York to Washington, about 230 miles, the fare is \$10.50. From Utica to Albany less than 100 miles, \$3.50; from Boston to Albany, by western railroad, \$6. Perhaps nowhere in the world, unless it be on Hudson river, in the night boats, is traveling cheaper and safer from the Kennebec to Boston. We hope the two companies will put the fare high enough so that they both can live by it, for it is not desirable that either boat should be crowded off, since they both appear to have about as many passengers as they can conveniently accommodate, and will doubtless continue to have until the railroad is extended to the Kennebec.

Atrocious Murder.

Mr. Orrin Woodford, of West Avon, in this State who has heretofore been regarded as a respectable man, and a farmer of some property, on Tuesday the 22d inst., in the most inhuman manner, butchered his wife. He had been in the habit of using ardent spirits pretty freely, though he was never reported an intemperate man, and on that day, had been drinking moderately of cider. A short time before the murder, he had used some threatening language towards his wife—to which, when in that condition, he was much addicted—and he had often been guilty of violence, as well as insolence towards her.

Their only child, a boy of 14 years, was sent by his father about 5 o'clock, P. M.—to attend to the cattle—the parents being the only persons remaining in the house, in his absence. On his return, about half an hour after, he met his father at the gate, who requested him not to go into the house, as he feared he had killed his mother. The boy ran away in alarm and aroused the neighbors, who soon arrived and entered the house where they found the body of Mrs. Woodford, horribly mangled, lying in a pool of blood on the floor. Her forehead over the left eye was beaten to a pulp, and the nose was crushed, and the head was mangled in a most gory manner. There was also a cut, as with the edge of an axe on the side of her head, above the ear.

Also, a cut as with a sharp knife, from the corner of her mouth down the cheek, an inch or two. Also a dreadful gash in her stomach, four and a half inches long, and so deep as to let out the intestine, evidently made by a sharp knife. She was still gasping when discovered, and continued to breathe faintly for about fifteen minutes. An axe stained with blood was found near the body. Mr. Woodford is a man of very violent temper, and at this time seems to have given way to fancied provocation, under the influence of unnatural stimulus.—Mrs. W. was a church member, and highly esteemed as an excellent member of society and of her family.

Woodford made no attempt to escape—but allowed himself to be bound by the neighbors, and the next day he was examined before Justice Day, and committed for trial. He seemed, through the whole examination, to be entirely unmoved, and his eye was not once seen to moisten, as the sickening details of the evidence were presented, and when he left, in custody of the officer, for prison, although the trial was at his own house and the mangled corpse of the wife with whom he had lived for fifteen years, lay in the next room, he did so, without requesting to be allowed to look at the body. Mrs. W. was 47 years of age—Mr. W. of about the same age.

[Hartford Courant.]

Loss of Ship CENTURION.—Ship *Centurion* of Newcastle, (Mo.) Clark, from New Orleans for Boston, was swept ashore by the current on Nantucket South Shoal, at 9 1/2 o'clock on Friday evening last. Capt. Clark states that he had an observation at 4 P. M., by chronometer, and judged himself to be twenty-four miles west of South Shoal. He was sounding from 2 P. M., and fifteen minutes before she struck, had sixteen fathoms of water. At that time the ship was standing on the wind to south. In a few minutes saw a ripple, which was judged to be shoal water: kept the ship off to east where she immediately struck on South Shoal. Sounded the pumps, and in five minutes had two feet of water, and in one hour twelve feet. Capt. Clark left the ship with a boat and four men, for assistance, and in the morning fell in with fishing schooners *Fairview* and *Freedom*, of Wellfleet, who went to the wreck at 9 A. M., Saturday, at which time the ship had bilged, and the water was half way to the upper deck, and the ship breaking to pieces. The schooners went as near the wreck as possible, and succeeded in saving sail and part of the rigging. Remained by the wreck until 10 P. M., Saturday, when the ship had settled, and the water was over the comings of the hatch. Also saved about thirty bales cotton. The schooners arrived at this port yesterday forenoon. Capt. Clark states that the current was running 4 1/2 miles per hour when she struck. Current consisted of 106 bales of cotton, 97 bds. of tobacco, 419 bales hemp, 843 bales, 6 bales buffalo hides, 7000 staves, 6992 sacks of corn. [Boston Journal.]

Electro Magnetic Telegraph.—We learn from the Lowell Courier that the Hon. F. O. J. Smith, of Me., Wednesday evening delivered a lecture on the character and advantages of the Magnetic Telegraph. He said in the course of his remarks that a line of telegraphs was already contracted for, and that the first was to be completed, connecting the city of Washington with New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and all the intermediate towns on the route, and with the most perfect accuracy, even to fractions of figures. He urged the importance of a telegraphic communication between Lowell and Boston, and said that the cost of a two wire telegraph between said cities, would be about four thousand dollars; and he said, to insure those who would like to take the stock again, that the proprietors of the telegraph would, if it was desired by the stockholders, bind themselves to lease the line for a period of ten years, and pay an interest of six per cent, upon the investment, with the most ample and undoubted security; so that there could be no loss and no risk about it. [Boston Journal.]

Gen. Jackson's Last Will.—A Nashville letter writer, under date of June the 7th, gives this account of Gen. Jackson's will:

"The last will and testament of the old hero was of public record. He commences by giving his body to the dust, whence it came, his soul to God that gave it, &c., devoting his estate, first, to the payment of two debts, viz: one of \$6,000, with interest, borrowed of Gen. Plauche, of New Orleans; another of \$10,000, with interest, borrowed of Blair & Rives; and the balance to his son Andrew Jackson, Jr., with the exception of a few servants to his grand-children.

The sword presented to him by the State of Tennessee, he gives to A. J. Donelson, his nephew, now charge d'affairs at Texas. The sword presented him at New Orleans, he leaves to Andrew Jackson Coffee, the son of his old friend General Coffee. The sword presented him at Philadelphia, he leaves to his grandson and namesake. The sword and pistols which he carried through the British and Indian wars, he leaves to General R. Armstrong. The pistols of Washington, given to Lafayette, and by Lafayette given to Jackson, he leaves to George Washington Lafayette, the son of General Lafayette. Sundry other presents made him during his long and eventful career, are left with his adopted son, with instructions that, in the event of war, they shall, upon the command of Mrs. Irwin, be given to others in search of the grave. We found it in a very high place of white oak ground, near Rock Creek, where they had formerly lived. And when we had opened the grave down to her coffin, we found it about one-fourth in water, and the plank of the coffin very rotten. We, however, got several pieces of bark under it, to bind it together and lift it out. From the great weight of the coffin, we were curious to see it opened; and to our utter astonishment, there lay the body in full size! It was covered with a thin scum of black dirt, which appeared to be alive with very little worms of a yellow color, but they soon disappeared when exposed to the air. When we came to examine more minutely, we found that the body had been petrified, and become a smooth white lime-stone in appearance. The head and neck had been petrified, and nothing remained but the naked bones. The feet had also been petrified, and fell off at the ankle joint; and the stone appeared shelly. At the knee joints the legs appeared to be solid stone. Around each leg, where she wore her garters—being a very fleshly woman—the garters had made a very deep impression, and this impression was plainly visible in the stone, except some parts where it appeared solid. The thickness of the stone was about that of common Spanish sole leather."

MACKEREL FISHING IN GLOUCESTER.—A writer in the Boston Atlas, gives the result of three hours' fishing off Swampscott, on the 4th inst., as follows:—"four ladies caught 90 mackerel; two gentlemen, 600 mackerel, besides 4 haddock, 2 rock cod, 8 pollock, 1 sculpin, total 760." This he considered great! If he had been in our harbor on Monday last, he could have told a "bigger story." Those who were fishing did not stop to count the fish by hundreds, but measured them by the barrel. Many who had no experience fished took a barrel in less than an hour and a half! Those who used to it, took between two and three barrels; and one person, we understand, took three barrels and a half, which, estimated, contained three hundred fish!

But the "biggest story" is yet to be told! A sein which measures three hundred feet in length, and twenty-five feet deep, was set on Wednesday morning, off Wessons Neck, and on being pulled ashore it enclosed an immense quantity of mackerel.

When the ends of the sein reached the rocks the space between the burst of the sein and the shore was one solid mass of fish, and those who were present estimated there were a thousand barrels enclosed!!! But the shore where they were taken was rocky, and in tripping the sein, nearly the whole of this immense mass escaped. Our informant, who was present, says he never saw such

The African Slave Trade.—An animated debate in relation to the policy of the British Government concerning the suppression of the African slave trade took place in the British Parliament on the 24th June. It was stated that England had expended eighteen million pounds sterling in suppressing this traffic, since the commencement of the present century, and yet notwithstanding the number of negroes imported into Cuba and Brazil, had nearly doubled during this time. It was now, as was proved by Lord John Russell, not less than 200,000 a year, or double the number the slave trade ever reached before the government undertook to put it down.

In addition to this, said one of the speakers, "no record exists of the innumerable who perish in the overland journey to the African coast, or in the passage across the ocean, or of the still greater number who fall a sacrifice to the warfare, pillage and cruelties by which the slave trade is fed. Unfortunately, however, no fact can be more certain, than that such an importation presupposes and involves a waste of human life, and a sum of human misery, proceeding from year to year, without respite or intermission, to such an extent as to render the subject the most painful of any, which is the survey of the condition of mankind, it is possible to contemplate."

MEXICO.—The sub. Sarah Ann, Capt. Davidson, left Tampico on the 1st of July, and arrived at the Quarantine yesterday. We learn that such was the fear of an immediate embargo being laid on all the American shipping in the ports of Mexico, that the departure of the Sarah Ann was hastened in consequence. By this arrival we have copies of the "Gegen," published at Tampico, in which are editorial articles, strongly urging the immediate declaration of war on the part of Mexico against the United States, as the last and only appeal to be made by that government, in the situation in which it is placed by the consummation of Texas Annexation.—[Phil. Eagle.]

Arrest of a Robber.—Constable George J. Conlige arrived in this city on Tuesday night, having been in custody one George King, arrested in Calais, for robbing some four weeks since, the store of Christopher T. Bailey, in Broad street, of two gold watches, one silver watch, and \$20 in money. He was arrested on board a brig from this port, loading with lumber for Jamaica. The two gold watches were found on his person. He was brought here on a requisition on the Governor of Maine, and was arraigned in the Municipal Court yesterday afternoon—plead not guilty, and his trial was as signed for to-morrow (Thursday).—[Boston Atlas 20th inst.]

A Great Bay.—The young giant of Maine, made this city a visit on the 4th of July, and we had an interview with his greatness. He belongs to Limington, in this State, is 9 years old, and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds! He is a very cheerful little fellow. His father and mother are rather below the medium size. He has been growing at this tremendous rate, for about two years, and without the aid of any artificial means, or electricity or gunnery.

He is inclined to obesity, but strong and brawny. He is as broad across the shoulders as a stout man.—Portland Argus.

The sad effects of the late hot weather in New York, may be imagined from the following paragraph in the Tribune:

"So great has been the accumulation of business on the coroner's hands, in consequence of the hot weather, that he has not been able to keep up at all with it. Yesterday there were twelve or fifteen bodies, as we learn, lying in the dead house waiting for inquest—as among them the stranger found at Fulton market, and an Italian sailor, who died on Tuesday evening. Why don't the coroner appoint a deputy?"

Two young ladies in the Massachusetts mills received a letter a few days ago, which stated that their mother, in a distant town in Maine, was lying dangerously sick, and wished to see them. They immediately left off work and went to see their mother, whom they found in good health. The letter was a forged one and had been hoaxed, and at a cost of time and money, they returned again to Lowell to their work. This is a most desperate business.—[Lowell Courier.]

"Virtue in an If."—Thomas Fitzpatrick was convicted of a technical assault on a watchman, at whom he shook his fist, and threatened to strike him if he ever threw stones at his dog again. Held, that such a shaking of the fist, with an "if," was a mere caveat and not an assault. W. J. Welsh, Esq., for the defence, took the same ground at the trial.—[Boston Post.]

The Slave Question in Kentucky.—Mr. Clay's paper is operating strongly on public opinion in Kentucky. He says "we are proud to inform our friends in Kentucky, that our subscription list, in our State, has doubled since our first number was issued." Let the press be unmuzzled at the South, and slavery will soon be numbered among the institutions of the past.

An Unpleasant Discovery.—The Baltimore Republican states, that a few days ago, while a party of young men were enjoying a picnic in the neighborhood of the city, near a spring from which they drank frequently, a negro man came to clean out the barrels into which the fountain bubbled; when lo! after a few dips into the cask he brought up the body of a small colored child, which proved to be that of his own grand child who had only been missing for a few hours!!

The Siamese Twins Outdone.—Dr. Parsons, of Macon, Ga., informs the Telegraph "that about a week since, a Mrs. Chance, of Burke county, Georgia, was safely delivered of three children at a birth, all of common size and perfectly formed. Two were united from the axilla or armpit to the upper part of the hip bone. The union, Dr. P. states, is perfect. One child is living; the two which are united survived their birth a short time only, and are in preservation."

Tornado at Orono.—On Monday afternoon of last week a violent tornado passed over a part of the town of Orono, destroying a large strong timbered barn, belonging to Col. John Goddard, taking the roof from the L. part of his house, uprooting trees, throwing down fences, &c. In the barn were several sleighs, and about a dozen bateaux, one of which was carried nearly a quarter of a mile. The oldest inhabitants have seen nothing like it before.

Fatal Accident on the Norwich Railroad.—The engine of the freight train from Norwich to Worcester on Thursday, when within 6 miles of the latter, had its shaft broken, ran off its track and dragged with it the whole train. Charles Wells, of Norwich, one of the brakemen, an unmarried man, 22 years old, was killed, and several of the cars were broken in pieces. In consequence of this accident the road was rendered impassable for a time.

Asiatic Cholera in New York.—Passengers in the boat last evening confirmed the painful rumor of the existence of the Asiatic Cholera in New York city. There have up to the last accounts, been twenty cases.

Appointment by the President.—Charles Ward of Maine, as Consul of United States, for the Island of Zanzibar, in the dominions of the Sultan of Muscat, in the place of Richard P. Waters, recalled.

The fare to New York by steamer Telegraph is altered to \$1.75 for cabin, \$1.37 1-2 deck. No charge for berths.

A cockney, was recently asked what he thought of a prairie at which he was looking, exclaimed, "My gosh! what a nice place for pitching quoits!"

In '43 the number of suicides in France was 3020.

SINGULAR.—A gentleman recently took into the diligence, between Marseilles and Toulon, a vessel of leeches, which were not well secured at the top. The creatures soon salled forth in quest of blood. Suddenly piercing cries were heard from a young lady who, unaware of the blood-thirsty passengers which had been placed in the carriage, declared that she was seized with acute pains, as if punctured with lancas. Though she continued her cries, delicacy prevented her from permitting any of the passengers to ascertain the cause of her uneasiness, or the detachment of the leeches. It was now, as was proved by Lord John Russell, not less than 200,000 a year, or double the number the slave trade ever reached before the government undertook to put it down.

In addition to this, said one of the speakers, "no record exists of the innumerable who perish in the overland journey to the African coast, or in the passage across the ocean, or of the still greater number who fall a sacrifice to the warfare, pillage and cruelties by which the slave trade is fed. Unfortunately, however, no fact can be more certain, than that such an importation presupposes and involves a waste of human life, and a sum of human misery, proceeding from year to year, without respite or intermission, to such an extent as to render the subject the most painful of any, which is the survey of the condition of mankind, it is possible to contemplate."

[Galathia, July 1st.]

DRUGHT IN VIRGINIA.—By a letter received from the coast tobacco growing county of Halifax, we are informed that much gloom hangs over that region of country, in consequence of the crops being blasted by the scorching sun and alarming drought. Indeed, in every quarter we hear melancholy complaints of the want of rain. A farmer in Goochland, told us that he had to send so far to mill, that he thought he should send to Richmond, forty miles off, to supply his farm with meal—and in North Carolina, we observe they send ninety miles, to Petersburg, to get their meal. We fear much distress and sickness will follow this extraordinary drought.

[Richmond Enquirer.]

Dying of Curiosity.—George Smith, a lad of 18, residing at Bethel Green, (says an English paper,) in trying experiments in hanging, actually killed himself. The youth was an acquaintance of Topping's (a culprit recently executed,) saw him hung, and had since been very curious to ascertain what hanging was like. This was literally "dying of curiosity."

Arrest of a Robber.—Constable George J. Conlige arrived in this city on Tuesday night, having been in custody one George King, arrested in Calais, for robbing some four weeks since, the store of Christopher T. Bailey, in Broad street, of two gold watches, one silver watch, and \$20 in money. He was arrested on board a brig from this port, loading with lumber for Jamaica. The two gold watches were found on his person. He was brought here on a requisition on the Governor of Maine, and was arraigned in the Municipal Court yesterday afternoon—plead not guilty, and his trial was as signed for to-morrow (Thursday).—[Boston Atlas 20th inst.]

A Land for Sale.—We have been shown a letter from St. Augustine, to Capt. Francis J. Cope, of this city, dated the 14th inst., which mentions the loss of a small sloop on a rock between Mosquito and Key West.

Brighton Market, July 21.

A Parody.

A life on the ocean wave! A home on the rolling deep! "Friend, where art thou?" the world a day, And a leaky old berth for sleep; Where the gray-headed cockroach roams, On kindly thoughts intent; And the raving bed-bugs come! The way the cockroach went!

A life on the ocean wave!

A home on the rolling deep!

Where Jack can devour "salt junk."

And the dainties the skippers can keep.

Wet jackets night and day,

A visit from fleas at night;

The hundred and nineteenth day!

A gale—and the breakers in sight!

[New Bedford Mercury.]

The Farmer's Song.

I dig, I hoe, I plow, I mow, I get up wood for winter; I reap, I sow, I tare, I grow, And for all I know I'm 'dotted' to the Printer.

I do suppose

All knowledge flows

Right from the Printing Press;

So off I go,

These 'ere clo's,

And settes up—I guess.

[New Bedford Mercury.]

The Farmer's Song.

I dig, I hoe,

I plow, I mow,

I get up wood for winter;

I reap, I sow,

I tare, I grow,

And for all I know I'm 'dotted' to the Printer.

I do suppose

All knowledge flows

Right from the Printing Press;

So off I go,

These 'ere clo's,

And settes up—I guess.

[New Bedford Mercury.]

The Farmer's Song.

I dig, I hoe,

I plow, I mow,

I get up wood for winter;

I reap, I sow,

I tare, I grow,

And for all I know I'm 'dotted' to the Printer.

I do suppose

All knowledge flows

Right from the Printing Press;

So off I go,

These 'ere clo's,

And settes up—I guess.

[New Bedford Mercury.]

The Farmer's Song.

I dig, I hoe,

I plow, I mow,

I get up wood for winter;

I reap, I sow,

I tare, I grow,

And for all I know I'm 'dotted' to the Printer.

I do suppose

All knowledge flows

Right from the Printing Press;

So off I go,

These 'ere clo's,

And settes up—I guess.

[New Bedford Mercury.]

The Farmer's Song.

I dig, I hoe,

I plow, I mow,

I get up wood for winter;

I reap, I sow,

I tare, I grow,

And for all I know I'm 'dotted' to the Printer.

I do suppose

All knowledge flows

Right from the Printing Press;

So off I go,

These 'ere clo's,

And settes up—I guess.

[New Bedford Mercury.]

The Farmer's Song.

I dig, I hoe,

I plow, I mow,

I get up wood for winter;

I reap, I sow,

I tare, I grow,

And for all I know I'm 'dotted' to the Printer.

I do suppose

All knowledge flows

Right from the Printing Press;

So off I go,

These 'ere clo's,

And settes up—I guess.

[New Bedford Mercury.]

The Farmer's Song.

I dig, I hoe,

I plow, I mow,

I get up wood for winter;

I reap, I sow,

I tare, I grow,

And for all I know I'm 'dotted' to the Printer.

I do suppose

All knowledge flows

Right from the Printing Press;

So off I go,

These 'ere clo's,

And settes up—I guess.

[New Bedford Mercury.]

The Farmer's Song.

I dig, I hoe,

I plow, I mow,

I get up wood for winter;

I reap, I sow,

I tare, I grow,

And for all I know I'm 'd

The Muse.

The Editor Sat in his Sanctum.

The editor sat in his sanctum,
In a hapless plight was he;
Fain would he fall in a thinking fit,
For he was at the extreme of his wit,
As to know what his leader should be.

He had resp'd his brain so often,
The soil seemed barren grown;
The forest of wit, was full to the stumps,
The flowers of fancy were gone, save a clump
Where the seed had but lately been sown.

He fish'd in the river of knowledge,
But the angling-line was short;
"Surely there's plenty of fish in the sea,"
But it is as plain as a whale, quoth he,
"In deeper waters they're caught."

He dives in the bed of his ocean,
Where the pearls did first abound;
He raked and sifted the briny mud
That lies below the emerald flood,
But not an oyster he found.

"Ah! what shall I do?" he murmured;
"The devil will be here soon;
Mathinks his tones on my tympanum stir,
The men are all waiting for copy, sir,
And now it is after noon."

"It hath been quoted often,
With a full meed of credit,
The maxin wise Witherpoon spoke in his day,
Never to speak till you've something to say,
And to stop when you have said it."

"Ah! good advice to a parson,"
He really went on to say;
"But I would ask, who ever said it, or
Hinted such a thing to a hair-brained editor,
From his birth to his dying day?"

He rose in his mortal anguish,
And his heart leapt in his door;
The devil soon came, and loudly did knock,
But the editor sat as still as a stock;
And the devil then knocked the more.

The editor leaned on his patience,
As on a cushioned chair;
And he sat him down, and he rocked away,
While fancy began in his mind to play,
And thoughts to nestle there.

He neither swore nor cursed,
He despised a word profane;
(And verily who curses and swears,
But adds to his sins, and adds to his cares—
And the vice is mean and vain.)

The devil and the editor long
Maintained the battle and strife;
For the inky imp kept sturdiy knocking,
And the editor kept unconsciously rocking,
And thinking as for his life.

His fancies came like a morning
In the beautiful time of May;
And thoughts, like the rays of light shot out,
Till they glimmered and twinkled about,
Till his mind was as clear as day.

The devil was drumming and drumming
A rat-tat-on the door;
The editor cared not a whit for his thumps,
But quickly rub'd his ideal bumps,
Till the flood began to pour.

Down to the tips of his fingers,
When he caught the paper and pen,
And beautiful things from the bodies air
Were called into being, and written down there,
A blessing to true hearted men.

Truth alone on the face of the paper,
And the editor's heart was light,
For noble the man among noble men,
Who fears not to ply a truth-telling pen
For God and for human right.

He sprang to the door of his sanctum,
As swift as a Greek wimer,
Who reaches the goal in Olympian race,
And the copy he push'd in the ink devil's face,
And thankfully went to his dinner.

The Story Teller.

THE HOCUS-POCUS.

BY MERRILL C. YOUNG.

PARTLY concealed within the borders of a wood, which skirts a scene where a prairie

"Stretched in boundless beauty lies," is situated a charming little cottage, nestled in shade and the seclusion beneath the foliage of overshadowing boughs. On the piazza in front of this dwelling, a venerable sucker, (named Gorden) was seated, one Summer afternoon, building dreams of thrist as he surveyed his plantation, enameled with heavy crops ripening into plenty. Now, as our sweetest dreams are fleetest and quickest to close, it is not strange that his, although pleasant, were soon terminated by some one shouting:—

"Hallo, old dad."

"Hallo yourself and diskiver how it feels," he retorted, and turning simultaneously with his reply, his eye fell upon a young man, a stranger to him, leaning on the yard-fence. "Excuse me," said the stranger; "may be you ought to be so clever as to tell a chap who those wheat field up a-side the timber, wont you?"

"Well I will: I own it?"

"Dew say?" said the stranger. But ain't it mighty cute that you allow four legged animals and sich critters to be in it?"

"But I don't," said Gorden.

"I seen a horse in it though as I kum along," remarked the stranger, dryly.

"A hoss in my wheat!" exclaimed the Sucker. "Zangs and lightning!—Here Blucher! Santa Anna, h-e-r-e."

His call had the effect to bring forth two dogs; one a hound, with legs half as long as an Eastern Schoolmaster's, the other a bull, the peculiar quirk of whose under jaw might lead you to mistrust that he was ever fond of what the knowing ones call the "grab-game." Attended with these, he trotted off in "hot haste," the dogs wagging their tails as their old master wagged his tongue urging them to pursue.

The young stranger after wagging his chin a little awry, and indulging in a light laugh that made him look suspiciously waggish, walked to the cottage door—and, then, without ceremony—into the parlor. Here, finding himself alone, he commenced a survey of the apartment. Before he had much leisure, however, either to observe or admire the taste and elegance combined in every thing around him, he was entranced by a gush of rich, wild melody, succeeded by the sound of light foot-steps, and instantly flitted a creature of beauty and comeliness into his presence. Oh! that fair rosycheeked damsel, the very personification of blitheness. She was startled though, when her soft blue eyes encountered the stranger; and was hastily withdrawing, in doing which, she chanced to cast another glance—her countenance changed from fright to gladness—she uttered the name, Henry Leslie—and then ran—not out of the door, but smack into the young stranger's arms. What an extraordinary act—in-fat-u-a-tion. She let him let him—kiss her, too; and listened to his impassionate language—why what did the girl mean? Their conversation will, perhaps suffice to explain.

"Clarisse," said the stranger, "Clarisse, my beautiful idol, I have come to claim you for my own."

"O Henry, I fear that our hopes will never change to realities. I love you, very, very much; but my father dislikes you merely because you are a Yankee lawyer. He is obstinate and will not consent," and the rosy flush fled the lady's cheek.

"Do not fear, Clarisse," said Henry Leslie. "I can and will remove his prejudice. I know how to work on a farm; and as he does not know me I will hire to him under an assumed name, and by the merit of honest worth and virtue, win a place in his affections."

Their hopes excited, and consequently their anxieties lulled by the reasonableness of this plan, the two seated themselves on the sofa and enjoyed those bright, angel plumed delights with which reciprocal love inspires young hearts. When Gorden returned, however, he found the young stranger alone—Clarisse having deemed it prudent to retire at the sound of her father's foot-steps. Gorden was glad that the stranger had tarried; he wished to give him a "pealing," for he had searched the field over and found no horse.

"Clarisse," said Gorden in the evening—"Clarisse, Quirk has told me you loved one, so I have given him to you entirely. I am glad, girl, that you have this time made choice of a man who knows how to pettigog, I am up, without being too lazy to work on farm."

Clarisse laughed in her sleeve. Henry Leslie and Clarisse Gorden were married. After the departure of the wedding guests on that sweet occasion, even after the ceremony which launched them into the inextricable, clefted matrimony, even after the cake, music, tea, kissing, wine, dancing and coffee, after all were finished, and after all their friends were gone, Clarisse found herself sitting between her husband and her father. She turned her eyes to the latter and said beseechingly:

"Father, will you forgive us?" "Forgive you! for what, child?" "Why you know—I—loved and wished to wed Henry Leslie, my first flame, but you would not consent to our alliance."

"And recollect too, perhaps," said the young husband, "that when I first came here, the mutual agreement was that we were to hocus pocus each other as much as we pleased."

"Well what I was about to say," continued the bride, "is that Dick Quirk and Henry Leslie are the same person."

"Zags and lightning!" exclaimed Gorden springing to his feet; but he paused and surveyed both the culprits attentively and then continued without passion—"What an old fool I have been to fancy that my girl didn't know enough to choose a fit and proper husband. Forgive you! yes I will, and bless you into the bargain. Come to think of it, I am glad it has happened so, for we shan't have to petition the General assembly in order to get rid of that blamed sick-gobbler soliloquizing Quirk—Quirk. Go to bed children."

"Do you consider poverty a disgrace?" continued Leslie.

"Well now, I shouldn't think I did."

"Well sir," said Leslie stammering a little, inasmuch as you seem to harbor no sentiment concerning me but what favors me, I will be so bold as to inform you that there is a mutual attachment existing between your daughter and myself, and we solicit your consent to our marriage."

Gorden opened his eyes and mouth again wider than ever.

"She is yours by jingo," said the father after a short pause. All I care about is that she will have to take such a consigned ugly name, Quirk—Quirk; it sounds so like a sick gobbler's soliloquy; but I suppose we can petition the Legislature and have it altered."

"Clarisse," said Gorden in the evening—"Clarisse, Quirk has told me you loved one, so I have given him to you entirely. I am glad, girl, that you have this time made choice of a man who knows how to pettigog, I am up, without being too lazy to work on farm."

Clarisse laughed in her sleeve. Henry Leslie and Clarisse Gorden were married. After the departure of the wedding guests on that sweet occasion, even after the ceremony which launched them into the inextricable, clefted matrimony, even after the cake, music, tea, kissing, wine, dancing and coffee, after all were finished, and after all their friends were gone, Clarisse found herself sitting between her husband and her father. She turned her eyes to the latter and said beseechingly:

"Father, will you forgive us?" "Forgive you! for what, child?" "Why you know—I—loved and wished to wed Henry Leslie, my first flame, but you would not consent to our alliance."

"And recollect too, perhaps," said the young husband, "that when I first came here, the mutual agreement was that we were to hocus pocus each other as much as we pleased."

"Well what I was about to say," continued the bride, "is that Dick's Quirk and Henry Leslie are the same person."

"Zags and lightning!" exclaimed Gorden springing to his feet; but he paused and surveyed both the culprits attentively and then continued without passion—"What an old fool I have been to fancy that my girl didn't know enough to choose a fit and proper husband. Forgive you! yes I will, and bless you into the bargain. Come to think of it, I am glad it has happened so, for we shan't have to petition the General assembly in order to get rid of that blamed sick-gobbler soliloquizing Quirk—Quirk. Go to bed children."

Clarisse laughed in her sleeve. Henry Leslie and Clarisse Gorden were married. After the departure of the wedding guests on that sweet occasion, even after the ceremony which launched them into the inextricable, clefted matrimony, even after the cake, music, tea, kissing, wine, dancing and coffee, after all were finished, and after all their friends were gone, Clarisse found herself sitting between her husband and her father. She turned her eyes to the latter and said beseechingly:

"Father, will you forgive us?" "Forgive you! for what, child?" "Why you know—I—loved and wished to wed Henry Leslie, my first flame, but you would not consent to our alliance."

"And recollect too, perhaps," said the young husband, "that when I first came here, the mutual agreement was that we were to hocus pocus each other as much as we pleased."

"Well what I was about to say," continued the bride, "is that Dick's Quirk and Henry Leslie are the same person."

"Zags and lightning!" exclaimed Gorden springing to his feet; but he paused and surveyed both the culprits attentively and then continued without passion—"What an old fool I have been to fancy that my girl didn't know enough to choose a fit and proper husband. Forgive you! yes I will, and bless you into the bargain. Come to think of it, I am glad it has happened so, for we shan't have to petition the General assembly in order to get rid of that blamed sick-gobbler soliloquizing Quirk—Quirk. Go to bed children."

Clarisse laughed in her sleeve. Henry Leslie and Clarisse Gorden were married. After the departure of the wedding guests on that sweet occasion, even after the ceremony which launched them into the inextricable, clefted matrimony, even after the cake, music, tea, kissing, wine, dancing and coffee, after all were finished, and after all their friends were gone, Clarisse found herself sitting between her husband and her father. She turned her eyes to the latter and said beseechingly:

"Father, will you forgive us?" "Forgive you! for what, child?" "Why you know—I—loved and wished to wed Henry Leslie, my first flame, but you would not consent to our alliance."

"And recollect too, perhaps," said the young husband, "that when I first came here, the mutual agreement was that we were to hocus pocus each other as much as we pleased."

"Well what I was about to say," continued the bride, "is that Dick's Quirk and Henry Leslie are the same person."

"Zags and lightning!" exclaimed Gorden springing to his feet; but he paused and surveyed both the culprits attentively and then continued without passion—"What an old fool I have been to fancy that my girl didn't know enough to choose a fit and proper husband. Forgive you! yes I will, and bless you into the bargain. Come to think of it, I am glad it has happened so, for we shan't have to petition the General assembly in order to get rid of that blamed sick-gobbler soliloquizing Quirk—Quirk. Go to bed children."

Clarisse laughed in her sleeve. Henry Leslie and Clarisse Gorden were married. After the departure of the wedding guests on that sweet occasion, even after the ceremony which launched them into the inextricable, clefted matrimony, even after the cake, music, tea, kissing, wine, dancing and coffee, after all were finished, and after all their friends were gone, Clarisse found herself sitting between her husband and her father. She turned her eyes to the latter and said beseechingly:

"Father, will you forgive us?" "Forgive you! for what, child?" "Why you know—I—loved and wished to wed Henry Leslie, my first flame, but you would not consent to our alliance."

"And recollect too, perhaps," said the young husband, "that when I first came here, the mutual agreement was that we were to hocus pocus each other as much as we pleased."

"Well what I was about to say," continued the bride, "is that Dick's Quirk and Henry Leslie are the same person."

"Zags and lightning!" exclaimed Gorden springing to his feet; but he paused and surveyed both the culprits attentively and then continued without passion—"What an old fool I have been to fancy that my girl didn't know enough to choose a fit and proper husband. Forgive you! yes I will, and bless you into the bargain. Come to think of it, I am glad it has happened so, for we shan't have to petition the General assembly in order to get rid of that blamed sick-gobbler soliloquizing Quirk—Quirk. Go to bed children."

Clarisse laughed in her sleeve. Henry Leslie and Clarisse Gorden were married. After the departure of the wedding guests on that sweet occasion, even after the ceremony which launched them into the inextricable, clefted matrimony, even after the cake, music, tea, kissing, wine, dancing and coffee, after all were finished, and after all their friends were gone, Clarisse found herself sitting between her husband and her father. She turned her eyes to the latter and said beseechingly:

"Father, will you forgive us?" "Forgive you! for what, child?" "Why you know—I—loved and wished to wed Henry Leslie, my first flame, but you would not consent to our alliance."

"And recollect too, perhaps," said the young husband, "that when I first came here, the mutual agreement was that we were to hocus pocus each other as much as we pleased."

"Well what I was about to say," continued the bride, "is that Dick's Quirk and Henry Leslie are the same person."

"Zags and lightning!" exclaimed Gorden springing to his feet; but he paused and surveyed both the culprits attentively and then continued without passion—"What an old fool I have been to fancy that my girl didn't know enough to choose a fit and proper husband. Forgive you! yes I will, and bless you into the bargain. Come to think of it, I am glad it has happened so, for we shan't have to petition the General assembly in order to get rid of that blamed sick-gobbler soliloquizing Quirk—Quirk. Go to bed children."

Clarisse laughed in her sleeve. Henry Leslie and Clarisse Gorden were married. After the departure of the wedding guests on that sweet occasion, even after the ceremony which launched them into the inextricable, clefted matrimony, even after the cake, music, tea, kissing, wine, dancing and coffee, after all were finished, and after all their friends were gone, Clarisse found herself sitting between her husband and her father. She turned her eyes to the latter and said beseechingly:

"Father, will you forgive us?" "Forgive you! for what, child?" "Why you know—I—loved and wished to wed Henry Leslie, my first flame, but you would not consent to our alliance."

"And recollect too, perhaps," said the young husband, "that when I first came here, the mutual agreement was that we were to hocus pocus each other as much as we pleased."

"Well what I was about to say," continued the bride, "is that Dick's Quirk and Henry Leslie are the same person."

"Zags and lightning!" exclaimed Gorden springing to his feet; but he paused and surveyed both the culprits attentively and then continued without passion—"What an old fool I have been to fancy that my girl didn't know enough to choose a fit and proper husband. Forgive you! yes I will, and bless you into the bargain. Come to think of it, I am glad it has happened so, for we shan't have to petition the General assembly in order to get rid of that blamed sick-gobbler soliloquizing Quirk—Quirk. Go to bed children."

Clarisse laughed in her sleeve. Henry Leslie and Clarisse Gorden were married. After the departure of the wedding guests on that sweet occasion, even after the ceremony which launched them into the inextricable, clefted matrimony, even after the cake, music, tea, kissing, wine, dancing and coffee, after all were finished, and after all their friends were gone, Clarisse found herself sitting between her husband and her father. She turned her eyes to the latter and said beseechingly:

"Father, will you forgive us?" "Forgive you! for what, child?" "Why you know—I—loved and wished to wed Henry Leslie, my first flame, but you would not consent to our alliance."

"And recollect too, perhaps," said the young husband, "that when I first came here, the mutual agreement was that we were to hocus pocus each other as much as we pleased."

"Well what I was about to say," continued the bride, "is that Dick's Quirk and Henry Leslie are the same person."

"Zags and lightning!" exclaimed Gorden springing to his feet; but he paused and surveyed both the culprits attentively and then continued without passion—"What an old fool I have been to fancy that my girl didn't know enough to choose a fit and proper husband. Forgive you! yes I will, and bless you into the bargain. Come to think of it, I am glad it has happened so, for we shan't have to petition the General assembly in order to get rid of that blamed sick-gobbler soliloquizing Quirk—Quirk. Go to bed children."

Clarisse laughed in her sleeve. Henry Leslie and Clarisse Gorden were married. After the departure of the wedding guests on that sweet occasion, even after the ceremony which launched them into the inextricable, clefted matrimony, even after the cake, music, tea, kissing, wine, dancing and coffee, after all were finished, and after all their friends were gone, Clarisse found herself sitting between her husband and her father. She turned her eyes to the latter and said beseechingly:

"Father, will you forgive us?" "Forgive you! for what, child?" "Why you know—I—loved and wished to wed Henry Leslie, my first flame, but you would not consent to our alliance."

"And recollect too